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ments for the benefit of other per-
sons as well as legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at the usual
rate.
Cards of acknowledgment, reli-
gious notices, and the like, one in-
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Poetry.

THE YOUNG BIRD.

Found on Gull Rocks.

BY ELLIS.

Poor birdling! round thy rocky home
The blackened waves troop on,
And long and chill the shadows fall
Around the setting sun.
And lone and drear and desolate,
This rock and the sea,
Barren, save where the sea-vetch twines
Or reeds droop heavily.

No nest upon the rock to shield,
Thy little form from harm,
No leafy boughs to canopy
And hide thee in alarm;
Far, far away, in twilight skies,
Is heard thy parent's cry,
While storm-clouds close and closer roll,
And lowering night is nigh.

Fear not, young birdling, it shall be
A few more dreary nights,
Then shall these trembling, unfledged wings
Bear thee to yonder heights,
O'er sea and land, through cloud and sky,
Furling in their might,
The rushing cloud, the sweeping wind,
Companions of thy flight.

Oh, small art thou, thy childhood's home
Is this small orb in space,
Thy bounds, the untrodden void around,
This world thy natal place.
Where storms of sorrow threaten come,
The evening shadows fall,
And far away, in untracked skies,
Is heard the Father's call.

'Tis but a few brief days and nights,
And thou shalt soar more free,
Than ever strong-winged tern that sailed
The azure, upper sea.
From height to height, from sky to sky,
From shore to brighter shore,
Where scarcely angel wing may dare,
Or angel eye explore.

CAROLINE.

BY MISS S. L. REED.

The glorious sun was sinking,
Into the distant West,
The shades of night appearing,
Proclaimed the hour of rest.
The evening star resplendent,
Did beautifully shine,
While gentle zephyrs whispered,
The name of Caroline.

I've wandered in the greenwood,
All nature seemed to smile,
The forest birds were singing,
So gaily all the while;
The voice of nature speaking,
From every oak and pine;
I only heard the greeting—
The name of Caroline.

I walked beside the ocean,
Along the foamy sea,
While others praised its grandeur,
I only thought of thee.
The limpid waves dashing,
To woo me at their shrine,
I only heard the music—
The name of Caroline.

No more I roam the wildwood,
Or seek the ocean's side,
To find the loved ideal,
Amid the heaving tide;
Beside me sits the real,
Her hand is clasped in mine,
She says "I love you only,"
This self-same Caroline.

Useful Hints.

DYEING AND PRESERVING.—Tomatoes may be
dried as follows: take them when ripe, wash
them in the usual way, and strip off the skins, or
wash and squeeze them through a sieve; then
squeeze the pulp slowly, so as to evaporate as much
moisture as possible without burning; then spread it
on plates and dry it in a slow oven or hot sun.
When wanted for use, it is only necessary to soak
it in cold water for a few minutes, stir it up just
the same as tomatoes stewed fresh from the gar-
den. Or the operation of drying may be per-
formed as follows:—Dip the ripe tomato into scald-
ing water, and peel them and divide them into
two or three pieces; lay them on plates, and put
them into the oven after the bread is drawn. If
it is a good oven, by the time it is cool, or in forty-
eight hours, they will be perfectly dried, and
they may be put into paper bags and kept in a
dry place; when wanted for use, dip them in cold
water and lay them in a dish to swell, and in a
minute or two they are almost equal to the fresh
fruit.

If it is desired to make tomato sauce, add a lit-
tle water to cook them in. They are also very
good to eat out of hand in the dry state. Some
preserve them whole, by putting them into clean
jars, and corking up well, then putting them into
a kettle filled with cold water, and gradually
raising the temperature to the boiling point; the
jar is then taken out, and the mouth dipped into
molten sealing wax, and a bladder tied over it.
Treated in this way, tomatoes will keep good for
years, as fresh as ever.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one spoonful of
sugar, three spoonfuls of sugar, a little butter and
salt. Grate off the yellow outside peel to flavor
your pie; then pare away the white skin, which is
apt to be bitter, and slice the pulp into a plate
lined with paste. Dissolve the sugar, and other
ingredients, in water enough to fill the paste, then
cook with another. This is an excellent pie, the
lemon being a good substitute for apple.

WHIPS.—Take a pint of rather thin cream,
make it quite sweet; then add a large
glass of wine, and a tablespoonful of extract of
lemon. Good currant wine is quite as good as
any other. Let this stand in a cool place until
you have cut the whites of three or four eggs to a
stiff froth; then add to the cream, stirring
lightly as you do so, and fill your glasses at once.
These whips are delicious, much nicer than those
made of whipped cream alone, and can be made
in ten minutes.

Selected Tale.

THE ROSE COLORED SILK.

'You will send it without failure at six
o'clock to-morrow!' said the clear, soft
voice of a young girl who was standing
before a splendid mirror in Madame Beau-
jeu's fashionable dressmaking establish-
ment. 'Our invitations are for eight
o'clock,' she continued, 'and the dress
ought to be tried on as early as that, to
see that no alterations are needed.'

'Certainly, mademoiselle, you may rely
upon me. I have never yet disappointed a
customer, and I will not begin with you.'
Can you always be so very prompt?' re-
joined Ellen, now gliding into a tone of
girlish curiosity. 'Does not some one
have to suffer for it when you have such a
pressure of work?'

'Oh, as to that, mademoiselle,' replied
Madame, with a shrug, and a slight, well-
bred laugh, 'that is not the question.—
'Never disappoint a patron' is my motto,
and one way or another it can always be
obeyed.'

'Send it then precisely at six, with some
one to try it on and see that it is right.'

And Ellen turned for one more glance
at the lustrous silk that so well set off the
light, graceful form and radiant face in the
mirror. She knew that she was beautiful,
and yet it was rather a childlike gladness
in all beautiful things than a vain love, or
desire for admiration that added the faint
flush to her dimpled cheek, and the gleam
of brightness to her eyes. Though the
only child of a wealthy and indulgent father,
Ellen was not spoiled by fashionable life.—
The teaching and companionship of a saintly
and now sainted mother, amid the safe
seclusion of home, had kept the young heart
as yet unspoiled from the world—that
world on whose glittering portal she now
stood, half trembling, half expectant. Her
school education was now completed, and,
at her father's request, Ellen was now pre-
paring for her first large party, the brilliant
anticipations of which had set her thoughts
in an unusual flutter of excitement.

Ellen was called 'quite a little saint,'
among her young associates. Her ideas
of fashionable life were so unsophisticated,
so original, they said, she was so appallingly
unacquainted with beaux and billet-doux
subjects which most of her schoolmates
knew at least as well as their grammars
and algebras; she seemed to care so little
in choosing her associates, for wealth or
station, and so much for real worth of char-
acter, that the shallow, little souls knew not
what to make of her. And yet they liked
Ellen W.—. Oh, yes! She was a dear
simple little thing that no one could find
fault with, and her sincere affectionateness
of nature weighed more with even her shal-
low critics, than the more brilliant qualities
of her more selfish associates. Or else it
was the share in her continual generosity,
and in the hospitalities of her father's ele-
gant mansion, or the name of being the in-
imate friend and constant companion of a
millionaire's heiress that they liked. Older
and wiser heads than theirs have been
puzzled to define the difference in similar
cases.

The truth was, Ellen's Christian nurture
was bringing forth its fruits, tender yet
immature, yet capable of ripening, under
the sun and dews of Divine Grace, with a
rich and abundant harvest. She cherished
sacredly the instructions of her mother, and
the exercises of prayer and meditation
which she taught; but she turned, with
more than a passive acquiescence to the
social gaieties which her father was plan-
ning for her—not suspecting any evil in
them, not dreaming that they would dead-
en her spiritual sense, or infringe upon her
hours of devotion. Indeed, unless some
providential event shall interpose, Ellen
may fall into the case of those semi-Jewish
pagans of old, and fashionable Christians of
modern times, who 'fear the Lord and
work up idols.' Her piety had taken, as
yet, chiefly the passive and imaginative
form. It inspires beautiful visions of heav-
en, but not practical efforts to relieve the
sufferings of earth. This is not strange, for,
surrounded by the illusions of wealth, Ellen
has seen nothing of the hard suffering world
as it really is. It may be that the germ
of active benevolence is planted in her
heart, ready to spring forth when emergen-
cies shall call.

Rehabilitated in her usual dress, Ellen turned
from the room to leave the establish-
ment of Madame B.—. In doing so
she passed through long rows of work-women,
and for the first time the care worn ex-
pression of every face attracted her notice.
Every attitude was constrained, and the
hollow cheeks, the sunken cheeks and heavy
eyes, told of exhausted labor, which infringe
upon the natural hours of food and rest.
Suddenly her eyes were drawn to one pale
face half-hidden behind the lustrous folds
of her own rose colored silk. The work
had just been resumed, and there was an
expression almost of despair upon the girl's
features, as she thought, doubtless of the
long hours far into the night, which must
be superadded to the already excessive
toils of the day. There was a convulsive
twitching of the muscles of the mouth, as
if the will was making one desperate effort

to subdue rebellious nerves and compel
them to renewed exertion. Then the ef-
fort was manifestly ineffectual, for the pale
cheeks grew paler, the heavy eyes more
sunken, and she sank forward into the
midst of the fluttering frounces, which
shone in glittering contrast to the faded
hands that unconsciously clutched them.

Ellen sprang forward to raise the fainting
girl in her arms.

'Ah! mademoiselle, your beautiful robe!'
exclaimed Madame, in an apologetic tone.
'Take it away! I did not think of that,'
replied Ellen, indignantly.

'Mademoiselle need not be alarmed. This
occurs quite frequently. The girl shall be
well attended to.'

'It was my work. I have killed her,'
said Ellen, with unfeigned remorse. The
truth became most painfully real to her
then.

'That evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart.'

'Can you go with me to her home?' she
asked of the young girl who was supporting
the fainting form of her companion.

'Yes, miss,' replied the girl with some
hesitation, 'but it isn't a place you would
like to go to.'

'Why not? Are her parents living?'
'No, miss, or at least her mother is dead,
and her father is worse, they say.'

At this moment a handkerchief being
drawn from the patient's pocket, a small
clasp Testament fell out. Ellen stooped
to pick it up, and read upon the title page
its owner's name, 'Margaret L.—.'

Beneath were written in trembling char-
acters, 'When my father and my mother
forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'
'Casting all your care upon him, for He
careth for you.'

If a shade of distrust had crossed Ellen's
mind, it was quite gone now. The first
verse had been written in her own little
Bible, with almost the last movement of a
hand now cold in death. But what a con-
trast between her own condition and that
of the motherless girl before her! The
one favored, indulged, almost to the risk
of forgetting her heavenly Father, amid the
manifold gifts of the earthly one. The
other alone, destitute, and working away
the slender remnant of life in the desperate
struggle for the means of subsistence. It
was a phase of human experience, which
Ellen had never before witnessed. Tears
were in her eyes, and an unbidden tremor
in her voice as she said, 'Do you think
you could take her home to my carriage?
I will take her home with me.'

Madame B.— now came up with 'mil-
lions of apologies.'

'She was sorry she was infinitely grieved
that Mademoiselle had been so *gêné*, so
annoyed. She would do her utmost to re-
store the beautiful silk to its original lustre,
but if this could not be done, it should be
replaced—whatever the city had of most
elegant.'

Ellen cut short her apologies.

'The silk is not of the slightest conse-
quence. This will pay you for your work.
You will please send it to the carriage.—
If I ever want the dress, Margaret may
finish it for me at home.'

Talk With the Boys.

What becomes of Gas when it is burned?
—Now, father, we want to know what
becomes of the atoms that gas is composed
of when the gas is burned.'

'In order to explain that to you clear-
ly, I must have some balls to represent
atoms of oxygen. These must be made of
some substance considerably heavier than
the balls which we use for carbon, as the
atoms of oxygen are a little more than
eight times heavier than atoms of hydro-
gen, and are only half as large. Perhaps
some very heavy wood will answer the
purpose. Now, to illustrate what takes
place when gas is burned, we will cut
asunder one of the atoms of light carbured
hydrogen, which gives us, you see, two at-
oms of hydrogen and one of carbon. We
next fasten, with the thread, one of the at-
oms of hydrogen to one atom of oxygen,
and we have an atom of water (H₂O).—
Serve the other atom of hydrogen in the
same way, and we have two atoms of wa-
ter. Then unite the atom of carbon with
two atoms of oxygen, and we have an
atom of carbonic acid gas (CO₂).—
The oxygen comes from the air, of which it
constitutes about one-quarter. The elefant
gas, in burning, is decomposed in the same
way; its hydrogen and carbon combining
with the oxygen of the air, and producing,
also, water and carbonic acid. I do not
care to confuse your minds by carrying
you through these changes, but if you
choose to go through them, you will find
that the burning of one pound of illuminat-
ing gas takes up four pounds of oxygen,
and produces about two pounds of water
and three of carbonic acid.'

'But, father, I do not see any water or
carbonic acid about the burner. Where
do they go to?'

'They become invisible, and float away
in the atmosphere.'

'What makes them invisible?'

'Nobody knows. We do not know
why the air is invisible; we only know
that it is so. If you go out in a high wind,
you can feel the air; you know that there
is a substance rushing against you, but it
is not to be seen. We know that most sub-
stances are invisible when in the gaseous
form; but why they should be so, we do
not know. The water which is produced
by burning gas is kept in the gaseous form
by the intense heat, and when it cools, is
deposited in little drops, like fine dew on
windows or on the outside of a cold pitcher.
The carbonic acid may be condensed into a
liquid by subjecting it to a pressure of
540 pounds to the square inch.'

'Let us see; the atom of carbonic acid
consists of one atom of carbon, which
weighs 6.04, and two atoms of oxygen,
which weigh—8, did you say?'

'Yes; but more exactly, 8 and 13.
1000ths—decimally, 8.013.'

'Then two of oxygen make 16.026 and
one of carbon (6.04) added, makes 22.
066, as the weight of an atom of carbonic
acid.'

'I have talked, Charles, with a good
many of the graduates of our colleges who
did not understand this matter of atomic
weights half as well as you do already.'

'I should think you were fastening the
carbon ball to the oxygen as if you intended
they should never be separated.'

'That is the case in nature. When
oxygen and carbon unite, it is no tempo-
rary connection, but a marriage for life.—
They cleave unto each other through sum-
mer and winter—in rain and shine through
heat and cold. They will literally pass
through water and fire without dissolving
their union. This peculiar couple play a
very important part in the operations both
of nature and of art, and we shall find no
more interesting inquiry than to follow car-
bonic acid in some of its curious paths.—
Where shall we follow it? Shall we track
it through our own bodies, in its course
through the stomach, and blood, and heart,
and lungs? Shall we trace its wonderful
history away back through the hundreds
of thousands of years before man was cre-
ated and see how its sharp tooth was cutting
down the rocks when the earth was rolling,
a hot and slimy globe, without an inhabi-
tant upon its surface? Or shall we first
take a shorter course, and content our-
selves with observing how it is absorbed
by water and forced into the steam engine,
and see what complicated contrivances
have been invented for getting rid of it
there? What do you say, John?'

'Tell us, sir, if you please, about the
steam engine; I want to understand that
more than anything else.'

'Very well. That will lead us to in-
vestigate the relations of carbonic acid to
water, and these are so constantly man-
ifesting themselves in our food and drink,
and in a thousand other connections, that
I think this part of the history of carbonic
acid will interest you more than any other
part. But I have not yet explained to
you how the light is produced when gas is
burned. This is comparatively a late dis-
covery, and is very curious. Though the
union of oxygen with carbon is so strong,
when it is once formed, these substances
do not enter into combination as readily as
oxygen and hydrogen. So, when gas is
burned, the jet and comes in contact

with the oxygen of the air, the hydrogen
is first burned; or, in other words, first
enters into combination with oxygen. This
produces an intense heat, which makes the
carbon red-hot, or white-hot, and it is this
hot carbon that gives most of the light.—
By making a draft from below, so as to
consume the carbon at the same time with
the hydrogen, illuminating gas may be
burned with a very feeble light indeed.—
Now go to your play, and next Saturday
we will follow the interesting couple—oxy-
gen and hydrogen—in their wedded state
of carbonic acid, right into the bowels of
the steam engine.'

Scientific American.

Stupidities.—Hall's Journal of Health
enumerates the following. The list is ca-
pable of being indefinitely extended. In-
deed, if one should specify all the silly and
ridiculous habits and practices by which
the majority of reasoning mortals are in-
juring themselves, he would make a chap-
ter as long as the Atlantic cable:

Walking along the streets with the point
of an umbrella sticking out behind, under
the arm, or over the shoulder. By sud-
denly stopping to speak to a friend, or
other cause, a person walking in the rear
had his brain penetrated through the eye,
in one of our streets, and died in a few
days.

Stepping into a church aisle, after dis-
missal, and standing to converse with oth-
ers, or to allow occupants of the same pew
to pass out and before, for the courtesy of
precedence, at the expense of a great boor-
ishness to those behind.

To carry a long pencil in vest or outside
coat pocket. Not long since, a clerk in
New York fell, and the long cedar pencil
so pierced an important artery, that it had
to be cut down from the top of the shoul-
der to prevent his bleeding to death, with
a three months' illness.

To take exercise or walk for the health,
when every step is a drag, and instinct ur-
ges us to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold
water, on getting up in the morning, with-
out any feeling of thirst, under the im-
pression of the health-giving nature of its
washing out qualities.

To sit down to a table and "force"
yourself to eat, when there is not only no
appetite, but a positive aversion of food.

To take a glass of soda, or toddy, or
sanguine, or mint drops on a summer day,
under the belief that it is safer and better
than a glass of cold water.

To economize time, by robbing yourself
of necessary sleep, on the ground that an
hour saved from sleep is an hour gained
for life, when in reality it is two hours ac-
tually lost, and half a dozen other hours
spoiled.

To persuade yourself that you are des-
troying one unpleasant odor by introducing
a much stronger one, that is, attempting
to sweeten your own unwashed garments
and person by enveloping yourself in the
fumes of musk, eau de cologne, or rose wa-
ter; the best perfume being a clean skin
and well-washed clothing.

The Press and Dead Heads.—Railroads,
stage coaches and steamboats complain of
dead heading, that is to say, of preachers,
editors and brethren of the craft, riding to
pew without pay. The newspaper press
endures more of this dead heading than all
three of these modes of conveyance com-
bined. The Pulpit, the Bar and the Thea-
tre: corporations, legislative assemblies,
societies, religious, benevolent, agricul-
tural, mercantile establishments, venders of
quack medicines, railroad companies, steam-
boats, stage lines, and every variety of
individuals, including political parties and
politicians, draw largely upon the liberal-
ity of the press. The press is expected to
yield to all these interests, it is required to
give strength to all weak institutions
and enterprises; it is asked to puff small
preachers into overhauling pulpits orators,
to puff small politicians and unprin-
ciple demagogues into great men and
patriots; to magnify incompetent railroad
officers into railroad kings; it is expected
to herald abroad the fame of quacks of all
classes, bolster up dull authors, immor-
talize weak congressional speeches; it is re-
quired to give sight to the blind, bread to
the hungry, talents to fools, and honor to
thieves and robbers.

It is asked to cover up the infirmities
of the weak, to hide the faults of guilty men,
and wink at the fraudulent schemes of
scoundrels; it is expected to flatter in
vain, to extol the merits of those who de-
serve nothing but the scorn and contempt
of all good citizens; it is required, in a
word, of the newspaper press, that it be-
come all things to all men; and if it look
for subscriptions and advertising, it is de-
nounced as mean and sordid, and its con-
ductors as wanting in liberality. There is
no interest on the face of this green earth
that is expected to give as much to so-
ciety, without pay or thanks, as the news-
paper press of the country. The little
soulless man who inserts in your columns a
fifteen shilling advertisement, expects you
to write him out at least five hundred dol-
lars worth of editorial notices. And the
obscure and insignificant man who has
written into a position of importance, far
beyond his merits, considers that his name
adorns your columns, and gives circulation
to your journal!—Browne.

For the Mercury.

MORNING.

BY A. SOUTHEY KINGTON.

Morning came, with dewy blossoms,
Shedding sweet perfume. Along
Every sun-lit hill and valley
Rang the melody of song.

And the joyous notes were wafted,
Where the gentle breezes swell,
'Mid the waving trees and flowers,
Scattered in a quiet dell.

Seated near the pencilled laurels,
With their leaves of glossy green,
'Mid the scented breath of roses,
Sat a maid with brow serene.

Weaving garlands of the rose-buds,
Wreaths to deck her sunny hair,
She'll be, ere the sun declines,
Bride of proud Lord Dudley Clare.

With his castles and his titles,
He is England's proudest peer—
She a cottage maiden, moving
In a low and humble sphere.

At the sound of nearing hoof-strokes,
Rising from her rustic seat,
She hath crushed the half-formed garland,
Of sweet rose-buds 'neath her feet.

Maiden, like thy dewy roses,
Care may crush thy gentle heart,
But may the truthfulness there written,
Never from thy brow depart.

NIGHT.

Day hath fled, and darkness reigneth,
Not a cloud the azure bars,
And the night is marching proudly,
With his diadem of stars.

Winter, with his iron sceptre,
Holds the streams in icy chains;
Every flower hath shed his coming,
Not a bird of song remains.

Now beside a lowly window,
Lady Clare sits, sad and lone,
All her joys long since departed,
Earthly hope forever flown.

Near the Wye her Norman castle,
Lifts its turret proud and high,
Far from all its stately grandeur,
Lady Clare came home to die.

Thinking of the lowly valley,
With its flowers pure and sweet,
And the garland wreathed with roses,
That she crushed beneath her feet.

She hath known no hours of pleasure,
Like the hours that floated by,
When she sat beside the laurels,
'Neath the June's delicious sky.

Yet in sorrow hath she gathered,
Priceless treasures 'mid the blast;
Now she waits the Father's summons,
Calling her to endless rest.

Mackinac City—its History.—The pres-
ent site of Mackinac City, was occupied by
an Indian village called Pe-quod-e-nonge,
when first visited by the French; and in
his history we find that it is one of the
most ancient European settlements in the
interior of this country, having been a
stopping place for the Coureurs du Bois
and Jesuit Missionaries as early as 1620.
Quebec was founded in 1608. The perma-
nent settlement which was afterwards
commenced, is due to the exertions of Fa-
ther Marquette, who came there in 1671,
with a party of Hurons; having in the
previous years, 1669 and 1670, located a
mission station at Point St. Ignace.—
This was eight years before Lasalle's ex-
pedition through our Lakes, and was the
first or second of European settlements
made Northwest of Fort Frontenac or
Cadaraqui, on Lake Ontario. It be-
came an important post, and continued to
be the seat of the Fur Trade and the un-
derstanding rendezvous of the Indian tribes
during the period that France exercised
jurisdiction over the Canadas.

Pe-quod-e-nonge, with its coast and the
Islands before it, having been the theatre
of some of the most exciting and interest-
ing events in Indian history, previous to
the arrival of the "white man." (I hope
some future Indian historian will make the
events alluded to, public.) It was the
Metropolis of a portion of the Ojibway and
Ottawa nations. It was there that their
Congresses met, to adopt a policy which
terminated in the conquest of the country
south of it—it was there that the tramping
feet of thousands of plumed and painted
warriors shook Pe-quod-e-nonge, while
dancing their war-dance—it was from
there, that the startling sound of the war
yell of these thousands was wafted to the
adjacent coast and Islands, making the
peaceful welkin ring with their unearthly
shouts of victory or death.

South of Mackinac City, from two to
ten miles, are several beautiful lakes, with
a rich warm soil surrounding them, cov-
ered with a very heavy growth of hard
wood, especially the sugar maple, which
has attained a gigantic growth. Fish of
different varieties abound in these lakes.—
(Turtle nearly one and a half feet in diam-
eter have been taken in some of them.)

Black bears are killed in the interior
lakes. Raccoons, martin and foxes are
numerous; a few lynx are also found.—
Rabbits are numerous; partridges and pi-
geons are plenty in their season, and ducks
are found in the small lakes and rivers.

Mackinac Herald.

Stern Advice to Parents.—In a recent
sermon upon the training of children,
Henry Ward Beecher gave the following
stern advice to parents: 'Never strike a
child upon the head. Providence has pro-
vided other and more appropriate places
for punishment.'

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1776.

January 7th a fisherman and two sea-
men were captured by a small party of
Minute-Men from head quarters, on the
Island; they procured a negro man to hail
the British Tenders, from the shore at
Brenton's Point and inform them that two
men were there wishing to enter in his Ma-
jesty's service, when the boat was sent on
shore with an officer, and two men, which
were immediately captured and carried to
head quarters.

From the Prov. Gazette of Jan. 20, 1776.

"On Friday the 12th inst. Capt. Wal-
lace, with all the vessels under his com-
mand, consisting of 12 sail, came up the
river from Newport, and at four o'clock in
the afternoon landed about 250 men on the
Island of Prudence, where about 40 or 50
of our men were stationed, under command
of Capt. Pearce. They were soon fired
upon by the enemy, which was returned
with much spirit; but Capt. Pearce find-
ing the enemy greatly superior in number,
retreated, and with his men went off the
Island; he had one man wounded and taken
prisoner, and it is said several of the
enemy were killed and wounded. The
enemy about sunset burnt seven houses on
the Island, which being discovered, here,
his Honor the Deputy-Governor, General
West, Colonel Richmond, Col. Martin, Col.
Cook, Capt. Allen, and Capt. Wells, im-
mediately set out to send forces upon the
Island, by way of Warren and Bristol,
from the former of which places General
West ordered 50 men, directing them to
join such as should be collected at War-
wick Neck, and proceed to the Island.—
His Honor, with the General, then went
to Bristol, and sent off Major Talman, with
80 men in whale boats, who landed about
the dawn of day. Capt. Barton, with a
few men, had landed from head quarters,
but those at Warwick Neck were not able
to join them for want of boats. About
nine o'clock in the morning the enemy
landed 250 men, and attacked Lieut. Car-
who was stationed with a guard of 40 men
to observe their motions; the remainder of
our men, about 50 in number, soon coming

We learn that Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN, jr., has sold his interest in the Allyn house, of Hartford, to Messrs. C. H. GOODMAN & LORENCE TALKOTT, who were to have taken possession on Saturday last.

HIGH FIGURING.—An exchange says, it is estimated that England will require at least two hundred millions of bushels of foreign wine to make up the deficiency in the crop of the country this year, and in Germany the crop promises to be smaller than usual.

FORT ADAMS TO BE GARRISONED.—The Newport Artillery have voted to go into garrison at Fort Adams on the 28th, and to remain until the afternoon of the 26th inst. The change from camp to garrison duty was made in consequence of the duty being more agreeable.

the starboard quarter by a sword fish, which caused a slight leak until the cargo was taken out, when a portion of the sword was firmly embedded in one of the ship's timbers and the marks of two other blows from the monster were clearly visible.

A strength and promise yet of victory—
Live primal Dante's quivering words,
To patriots inly-flaming swords.

XXX.

Hark to the organ-swell of thoughts that tear
From Luther's home, men foremost in life's
What gave the pitch to that full concert's roar

John M. Carr, John H. Watson, James C. John E. Lee, C. Williams, Samuel J. M. John Gladding, E. B. Cornell.

The two Boards then separated.

ANOTHER of Victoria's sons is traveling the American continent—Prince Alfred.

He was glad to hear so much said of faith. Never was it needed more than now. Let us be exercised in this and all works, lest He never despaired shall say in the last day, "I never knew you."

Rev. Mr. Fay spoke with earnestness and power on the last resolution. He believed

and
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Store,
VICTORY.
call the attention of
the vicinity, to his
Stick and Fancy
found the follow-
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Chocolate Cream-
n Drops of every
nt, Etched Al-
y, Tissue paper
o Lozenges, Egg
and smooth Cori-
ays, smooth and
Land Nonpareils,
n Balls, Jackson
se, Vanilla Gum
olate Sticks and
Drops, Oranges,
c.
nself he feels that
rior article at as
in this city, either
Y. DENNIS,
18 Broad street,
roseno Oil for sale

LOON.
 your parties fur-
 the line of Com-
 promptly any ad-
 aired,
 to eat the best
 country.
 to go into the
 with all the good
 and attentive men
 to take a pleas-
 -pleasant Captain
 the good things to
 to Newport go to
 take a good cup
 refreshments—make
 portable.
 -erate Confectioner
 addition is ready
 ther on Four or
 July 14.

Library-
Payne, Director of St. Ma-
limited number
and Vocal.
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March 24—th.
FER,
MERCHANT,
saler in
ceries,
&C. &C.,
(Custom House),
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ish advanced if re-
Aug 4.
or Sale.
ed on Broad street,
ill be built to suit
from \$700 to \$1000
for terms and plans
P. STANHOPE.
A full assortment
Boards and Planks
aving, for sale at the

umber Yard,
1 Thames street.

NEW.
new and beauti-
ful; just the thing
K. Jr., & CO.,
1 Thames Street.

Norah, Charlie is
sole, Bonnie Char-
store, 83 Thames
T. W. WOOD.

ew and choice let
low, at
Thames street.
W. H. BLISS.

ID
all quantities and on
by
HEADFORD,
99 Thames street.

quiescier's Claret in
LEWNTON & CO.
assortment on hand
W. H. BLISS.

and Steam Naviga-
25 cents, for sale
TILLEY'S,
& 190 Thames st.
and Steam Naviga-

TILLEY'S,
 & 190 Thames st.
 RS and Ice Water,
 Thames street,
 W. H. FLESS.
 S.
 WOOL, DELAINES
 HAMMETT'S,
 98 Thames st.
 HAMMETT'S,
 98 Thames street.
 CLOAKS, at
 HAMMETT'S,
 98 Thames street.
 HAMMETT'S,
 98 Thames street.
 Silk Nets, at
 HAMMETT'S,
 98 Thames street.
 some lot of Ribbons
 E & DENHAM'S.
 ANTLES—Will be
 handsome assortment
 &c., which will be
 ices.
 E & DENHAM,
 98 Thames st.

k, Wool, Virginia,
 Socks et
 7. TURNER'S,
 126 Thames street.
 of Parasols will be
 from this date.
 W. TURNER,
 126 Thames street.
 antles.
 we lot of Black Silk
 selected with great
 market by
 COZZENS & CO.
 GOODS.
 ON BROTHERS.

